Do Your Bit For The Missions

The Cee Ay

By the Students of Columbia Academy

Work Hard At The Finish

Volume 9 | Dubuque, Iowa, May 17, 1932 | Number 15

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Year Book Ready; Distribute This Week

125 Patrons Sponsor CinemA

The first issue of the Columbia Academy annual, The CinemA, is off the press and will be delivered to the Academy probably Wednesday. Certainly a day of two after that date it will be ready for distribution.

The CinemA is composed of sixty-four exquisitely arranged pages. The cover is a maroon colored leatherett, on which is a beautiful gold embossing of the entrance of St. Joseph's Hall. The year, 1932, is placed in a little panel.

The annual has received support from one hundred twenty five patrons. Each member of the staff has done all in his power to make his particular section the most attractive and instructive. One hundred twenty seven of the students have paid in full; the editing manager expresses the hope that those who have not done so, will sense the need and act accordingly.

Theisen, O'Brien, Homczak, Ellwanger, Head Juniors

Lawrence Theisen of Dubuque was elected President of the graduating class of '33 at a meeting of the Juniors on May 12. John E. O'Brien of Chicago was chosen Vice President; William Ellwanger of Dubuque, Secretary; and Edward Tomczak of Chicago, Treasurer.

Father Patnode who presided at the election expressed the hope that the new Senior class will be as cooperative as the graduating one. He also announced that there may be some change in the courses offered next year.

Seventy Prospective Graduates in Class

FORTY-ONE DUBUQUERS ARE INCLUDED

Seventy seniors still cherish hopes of receiving the coveted diploma from Columbia Academy at the 1932 Commencement on June 1. Forty one of these are Dubuque boys, the others being scattered through Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois and Minnesota.

The candidates for graduation who live in Dubuque are: Bernard Arensdorf, August Becker, Watkins Cantillion, Robert Conzett, John Corpstein, Robert Czizek, Robert Ernsdorff, William Fosselman, Howard Geisler, Eugene Groff, Leo Grommersch, Urban Hauer, John Hoffman, Joseph Kelley, Herbert Kelzer, James Kennelly, John Kerper, Robert Kies, Alvin Kisting, Anthony Lang, Franz Lohberg, Delbert Ludwig, John McEvoy, Robert McMahon, Vernon Meyer, William Most, Melvin Nicks, John O'Rourke, Harold Pinger, William Poinsett, Harry Ryan, Lewis Schiltz, Elmer Schloeder, William Shaffer, Earl Vogel, Carl Weitz, Elmer Welter, Harold Wild, Lawrence Willging, and Bernard and John Zwack.

Others From Iowa

Other Seniors who reside in Iowa are: Patrick Delaney, Waukon; Edward Jamason, Independence; Emil Klimish, Spillville; Dorrance Meloy, Bernard; John Meyer, Ionia; Gilbert Richards, Waterloo; Bernard Schmit, Gilbertville; Leo Stephan, Cedar

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MUSEUM PREPARES FOR PIONEER WEEK DISPLAY

Columbia Academy in cooperation with the directors of the Columbia Museum is arranging a display for "Pioneer Week," to be observed the first week in June.

The aid of the students is earnestly requested in the acquisition of articles connected with the pioneers. Father Kessler, the curator of the Museum, has expressed his desire to reward those who cooperate with him in making the Academy exhibit successful.

During vacation, Museum activities will not cease, and the interest of the students during this time will be heartily appreciated. A cordial invitation to view the Museum is extended to the parents of the boarders during their visits in Dubuque.

The Museum directors express their earnest thanks to the Academy students for their cooperation during the school year.

MOTHERS' CLUB

The Mothers' Club will hold a card party Friday evening, May 20, at 8 p. m. in the College gymnasium for the general public.

Mrs. Most, President, has expressed the desire that the mothers and friends would kindly donate playing cards (not necessarily new) for use during this party and future ones.

A concert will be given by the Academy Band during the party. Prizes will be given to high scorers. The mothers have also arranged to have a candy sale at the party.

The mothers and students are asked to cooperate to make the party a success.

Magazine Drive Helps Propagation of Faith

Sixteen Team Captains Chosen

The magazine drive staged annually by the day students is now under way. Its very worthy purpose is to aid the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and other mission activities, by the funds obtained from the sale of books and magazines.

As in former years, the day students have been divided into teams captained by Seniors. These teams met last Monday to decide upon a plan of action. The students were urged by Father Churchill, who is in charge of the campaign, to cooperate in every way to make the venture successful, especially this year since the Academy mission fund is smaller than in other years.

The following men were selected as captains: Lawrence Willging, John Corpstein, John O'Rourke, Watkins Cantillon, Robert Kelzer, Vincent Vosberg, Robert Ernsdorf, Carl Weitz, William Fosselman, William Most, Quentin Conlon, John Hoffman, Robert McMahon, John Kerper, Robert Czizek and John McEvoy.

Hold Thirteen Hour Devotion At Columbia, Sunday, May 29

It has been a fine tradition of Columbia Academy to consecrate the last Sunday of the school year to the Blessed Sacrament. Thirteen Hours Devotion will be held on May 29, Baccalaureate Sunday.

His Excellency, Archbishop Francis J. Beckman will pontificate in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

The Reverend Fulton J. Sheen, D.D., Ph.D., L.L.D., will deliver the Baccalaureate sermon. The Procession, consisting of the Pontificant, the members of the Faculty and the student body, will pass from the chapel down the main stairway, along the hall, toward the Registrars office, up the priest's stairway and back into the chapel.

Ryan Wins First Place in Elocution

SUPPLE, McQUILLAN GET SILVER MEDALS

Harry Ryan, a Senior from Dubuque, merited the grand prize or gold medal in the finals of the Academy Elocution Contest, held in St. Joseph's Hall auditorium last Sunday evening. The winners of the two silver medals were James Supple of Chicago and Bert McQuillan of Duque. Supple is a Senior and McQuillan a Third Academic.

Ryan, entered in the Dramatic division, gained the sweep stakes prize as well as first place in his own division by his masterly interpretation of a most difficult selection "The Littlest Rebel". Supple won in the Humorous division by his exemplification of a girl "At The Movies." McQuillan, medal winner in the Oratorical division, put forth all his earnestness in the delivery of Senator Borah's famous courtroom address, "The Haywood Trial."

The other three contestants, Rich-

(Continued on page 8)

Academy Students Broadcast Wednesday

Two Academy students, Carl Effinger and John Kerper, will broadcast a selection of classic and popular pieces over Station WMT next Wednesday from 6 to 6:30 p. m.

Effinger, Baraboo's well known saxaphone player, will render:

Too Many Tears—Dubin and Warren.

Liebestraum—Liszt-Smith.

Saxaphobia—Rudy Wiedoft.

Paradise—(Duet, Vocal and Saxaphone)—Brown.

Trees—Kilmer-Rasbuch.

Jack Kerper is to sing:

Irish folk song—(Popular).

That's Why Darkies Were Born—Brown and Henderson.

Just Another Dream of You—(Popular).

O'le Man River—Oscar Hammertein.

My Maw—Walter Donaldson.

Lonesome Road—(Popular).

DRAMATIC CLUBS' STAGE CREWS ATTEND BANQUET

The technical staff of the College and Academy Dramatic clubs were entertained at Roseliep's Tea Room, May 11, by the director, Father Stemm. The members of the staff merited this honor by the excellent work they did for all the productions staged here during the last school year. The dinner was strictly informal and no speeches were made.

After the dinner all the members went to see "The Whole Town's Talking" which was presented by the Le Ah Par Players at St. Raphael's Auditorium.

The Cee Ay

PUBLISHED BI-WEEKLY BY THE STUDENTS OF COLUMBIA ACADEMY, DUBUQUE, IOWA

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Subscription Price: One Dollar a Year by Mail.

The End in Sight

With every student putting his best foot forward and that foot in step with those of his classmates, this, the last lap of the school year of '32 should prove quite successful. Now is not the time to lie down on the job, to do our work in a slovenly manner, but a time in which to get next to ourselves, if we have not already done so, and to realize the importance of our work now and its helpfulness to us in the future. In doing this we will forget that there ever was such a thing as "spring fever" and the disasters which accompany it.

This is also a time in which to get out of the old rut and lay aside all egotism and selfishness. Do a good turn to some individual whenever the opportunity presents itself.

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

What To Do! What To Do!

Have you decided what to do with your summer vacation? Of course, many are going on trips and the like, but others will find time heavy on their hands if they do not use it to good advantage,

Some will have jobs to occupy their time. But it will be hard to find jobs this year. There will be many leisure hours during the vacation. These leisure hours should be used advantageously by reading good literature and taking part in wholesome recreation, or by helping our mother in her housework. We will come back to school in September feeling that our vacation was well spent if we follow such a plan.

Babies

What a dull, drear place this old world of ours would be if there were no babies to brighten the atmosphere! Babies hold a strange, mystic power over all, or at least almost all, with whom they come in contact.

Everyone was once a baby, although there are some hard old skinflints who do not seem to realize this fact. If one of these unscrupulous characters would only watch a fat gurgling babe for five minutes, he would soon lose his pride and throw himself upon his knees before the babe, just to make faces at him and amuse him.

It is rather amusing to see how old men and women, old enough, in fact, to be the baby's grandparent, try to amuse it by making funny faces and noises, and acting more babyish than the baby himself.

To the mother the baby means much more than monkey-shines! To her the baby is her life, her light, her all. During the first few months the baby means much care, but infinitely more so when he can crawl around and put countless numbers of things in his mouth and do his best to swallow them.

Then comes the joyful stage when baby is first seen walking around with the support of some furniture. How great is the joy, and yet the sorrow of a mother as she watches her baby gradually grow older. Joyful because he soon will be a fine young man and sorrowful because he will no longer be that tiny babe whom she so foundly held and embraced but a few years before.

—Robert Swift '35

Columbians Chat Corner

Aw nerts! We got spring fever too. However, since we belong to that noble order which maintains that "the show must go on," we will endeavor to do our best (?). Here goes:

Wasn't it just too bad that our tenor soloist was unable to participate in the Glee Club contest at Clarke College. Tough luck. Tough luck. (yeah?)

Jack Kerper is still "laying them cold" with his soulful renditions of the latest song-hits. More power to him.

Which reminds us that we will be sorry to see this year's graduating class leave us. We will especially miss Bill Most's outbursts of Latin literature. Perhaps we could arrange to have him send us some of his distinguished works next year.

Ouch! Stop it! We promise, dear reader, not to ask him if that's the way you feel about it.

The proposed three cent postage rates will undoubtedly affect the pocket-book of more than one of the distinguished boarders. What's more, all the letters won't be sent home either. (We hope you get that one.)

The following is a contribution of Louis (Dinwiddie) Sanner: (Please don't accuse the boy of trying to get undue publicity. He didn't know this was going to print.)

"The Rev. ————'s (name censored) ————y (censored again) class is now progressing.

Jameson is copying.
Kenny is asleep.
Sherman is yawning.
Sharon has his feet on the furniture.
Callaghan is silent (silent Cal).
Schneider is laughing boisterously at Voelker's gesticulations.
Effinger is unconcernedly reading an Anacin deal paper. (Your guess is as good as ours as to what that is.) . . . . and so on, ad infinitum.

Which all the while Prof. ———— (censored once more) is discoursing patiently. Carefully he expounds his theories. History (whoops!) is in the making."

We might add, "And Sanner is venting his literary talent on **this.**"

Francis O'Connor seems to have found another source of interest besides tennis. What picture was he displaying so proudly the other week? Now, Frannie, we ask you, "Would ——— (censored) like that?"

These censors! Fo' give em! Fo' give em!

Even our best friend wouldn't tell us. What? Whether he liked this column or not.

My Pet

Bill is about as big as a gray squirrel, with thick soft brown fur and a long bushy tail. He has little black feet so strong that when he takes hold of a thing it is very hard to get it away from him. He has one claw on each side of his hind foot; his front paws are little hands with short nails that do not scratch. He has sharp pointed teeth, and his favorite way of playing is to chew gently on my hands or arms. If he is frightened or teased he bites hard, but other wise he is very careful not to hurt.

If Bill had his way about things, everyone would sleep all day and stay up all night. Unless I am playing with him, he goes to sleep shortly after breakfast rolling himself up into a neat package in a newspaper on the floor. He is always ready to wake up and go places, but if not disturbed he will sleep till about five o'clock in the evening; then there is a rustling of paper and Bill's sharp little nose, his big brown eyes, and his large pointed ears come poking out of the newspaper.

He stretches and yawns and then carefully washes himself all over, like a cat. From then on he is never still. Hs is so lively that I have to tie him to a chair or a table to keep him out of mischief. But he is constantly exploring, smelling, and tasting everything he can reach. He is dainty about his food, holding each morsel in one little black paw, and eating it carefully.

Of course you all know by now who Bill is or surely you can guess. He is my little pet monkey and he came over to this country with some of his friends who were placed in a zoo, but we rescued him and made him one of the family. We are very fond of him and would not part with him for all the world.

—James Riley '34

Free Days

After being in school for several months without any more vacation than a day or so, we naturally look forward to the free days that are ahead of us. In times when our spirits are dampened, we cheer ourselves up by thinking of the joy we are to have in the future. Most of us are looking to the calendar and counting the days long before the free day is to arrive. We make all kinds of plans as to how we are to spend our holidays.

When the free day is at hand we do not know what to do with it. After sleeping most of the morning we get up, and take a stroll over to see how our friend is enjoying himself.

When the free day is over and school had been resumed, we feel that we would just as soon have gone to school as to have gotten off. We really got more enjoyment out of planning our day and thinking of it than we did out of spending it. Although we did not really enjoy ourselves on this free day, we start thinking of the good times we are going to have on our next one.

Quintin Conlon '32

Self Control

To develop self control we must develop the power to think. Remember that the men who do big things are the men who think and have self control. Also that a great success is a collection of small successes of work well done.

To think effectively, you should first of all arrange to be alone for at least a half an hour at a time, absolutely alone and uninterrupted. Men never think in crowds. In crowds they are governed by the animal herd instinct, which is directly and powerfully opposed to the thinking principle, which is strictly individual. A person must be alone to do the best thinking.

You should settle that point right now, today. Plan your work, then work your plan. Self control and thought are unquestionably the parent of all progress. Thought has created practically everything. All springs from thought. Human beings are distinguished from other animals by these two powers, the power of thought and of self control.

William Baum '35

THE CEE AY, together with the faculty and student body of the Academy, wishes to express deepest sympathy to Patrick Delaney '32 on the death of his father, James Delaney of Waukon, Iowa.

Whether you believe in the presidential campaign slogan of the Republican party or not, you can't deny this: A well earned vacation is just around the corner. Don't give it a set back. Pass those exams.

Unmarried

Betty sat at her desk, and only a casual glance would convince you that she was disgusted and perhaps a little bewildered. She had been taking inventory on herself and had come to the startling conclusion that she was twenty-five, tired of working, and perhaps more important, unmarried. She longed for a husband, a man with whom she could fall in love, a man with money, culture, and all the other requisites.

"Oh", sighed Betty, "I won't go home now. I'll stay down town and go to a movie. It might cure the blues."

At five o'clock Betty closed her desk, bid a prosaic "Good-night" to her fellow stenographers, and left the building hurriedly. If she ate rapidly she could get to the movies before six o'clock and get in for the afternoon price.

It is surprising to note how fast people can travel in cafeterias. Betty had grabbed a tray, received her food, and was seated at her table by five-twenty. She looked about. Every woman had an escort—every woman but she. She looked out the window (she was very near the window) and saw men taking lady friends to dinner. Perhaps those women would dine on caviar and filet mignon; she had beef stew with carrots.

"Pardon me", interrupted a tall, handsome young man (All heroes are tall and handsome) "May I sit at this table? All the others are filled."

Betty's mouth was filled with carrots; so she nodded her assent.

"This is a nice town, isn't it?" The Young Man was cautious on thin ice.

"Yes, lovely." The Young Man really had nice eyes.

"I'm a stranger here." The Young Man was more confident now.

"Are you?" He wore awfully nice clothes.

"I hope you won't mind my talking to you. You see, i'm awfully lonely." His nerve still was not steel.

"How terrible it is to be lonely. I was very lonely when I first came to Chicago, too." He really was nice.

"This place is too noisy. How would it be if we were to dine at the Mandarin."

"The Mandarin! Why, that's very expensive. Let's stay here." She didn't want to appear to be a gold digger.

"You're rather quaint. In fact, you're the first girl I've met who didn't like high priced restaurants."

"I do. But people who eat in cafeterias can't afford to dine in the Mandarin." She didn't want to miss an excellent opportunity.

"Really, I have money. You see, I saw you through the window; and you looked as dejected as I felt. Please come. You know I'm not as ferocious as I look."

"All right". She smiled; it was the proper time, she thought.

The meal at the Mandarin was exceptional, the music properly romantic.

"How charming this is. You were a dear to bring me here. It's all so beautiful but still I think you shouldn't have. We weren't introduced. What would my mother say?" She played her part with the correct naive touch.

"I think it's all right. After all, what's wrong with two young people enjoying themselves decently. Will you have a cigarette?"

"I don't smoke."

"You are very unusual," he said in frank admiration.

"Not unusual, just, well, what you would call old fashioned."

"I think so. You know, you remind me of Barrie's Phoebe."

"How delightful. 'Quality Street' is my favorite play."

"Say, that reminds me. Let's go to the theatre."

"That would be lovely. Where?"

"I like Oscar Strauss. How about 'The Chocolate Soldier'?"

"Marvelous. My favorite song is 'My Hero'.'

"Good evenng," welcomed the ticket broker. "Chocolate Soldier? Hmn. I've got some tenth row center, main floor. Four dollars each."

"Ask him if they have any balcony seats. These brokers are so expensive," whispered Betty.

"Thats all right. Ill take those two in the tenth row."

As they made their way into the lobby, he looked down at her and smiled.

"It's kind of you to be so thrifty with my money."

"Well, I don't advocate too much extravagance." She accented the "too"; she didnt want to be considered a miser.

After the play he insisted that they go to a night club. He really was an excellent host.

"I suppose I would shock you if I asked you to have a cocktail."

"I really don't care for liquor. But it's all right for other people." She didn't wish to be considered a prude.

"You know, I think you're the nicest girl I've ever met. Most girls drink and smoke and try to get as much money from a man as possible. You're different.

"Im glad of that. It's nice to receive compliments, especially when they're rare."

"Rare? Oh, you're modest too. You look rather tired. May I take you home?"

"Please do."

They spoke about Him all the way home. Betty was wise.

"Won't you come in and meet my mother? Just a moment, please. I know she'd enjoy meeting you."

"I'd be delighted. But is she still up?"

"Why. yes. She waits up for me every night."

* * * *

"Yes, Mrs. Martin. I think your daughter is a lovely girl. Shes so different. I hope you won't mind if I call again to see her. I think I am going to live in Chicago permanently. Good night."

"Well, Betty, it looks like my child has finally grabbed an excellent prospect."

"Yes, plenty of money." Then as she lit a cigarette, "Will you mix a cocktail? I'm dying for a drink."

She paused to think of what she had said. She buried her head in a pillow. She hated herself.

—James Supple '32

HIS FIRST OFFENSE

If Tony Ligori's father had been anything but the leader of the notorious west side gang, things would not have turned out as they did. And even under these conditions Tony would not have committed the outrage but for the fact that his sister, with her peculiar ways, had driven him to do it. In view of all this, we must not judge Tony too harshly, for it is clear that he was the victim of circumstances.

Tony had no evil intentions on that morning in June as he climbed up on a chair and took the pistol off the shelf. Having replaced the chair, he stopped a moment at his father's desk, loaded the gun, and put it in his pocket, little realizing that it was the same gun that his father had used when he first started on his career. A boy of ten years does not waste his time considering such matters. All that Tony wanted was a little fun.

Having closed his father's desk, he went out to play with his younger sister Dionysia (Di for short) and his little brother Nick. He found them in the backyard making sandpiles. Making sandpiles was a thing which Tony considered beneath his years, and anyway he did not feel in the mood this morning; so he proposed that they should play house.

"Aw! I don't wanna play house." This from Di, who, radiant in a bright new dress, felt that all suggestions should originate with her.

"Aw! You never want to play what I do, but this morning we are going to play house," said Tony.

"I'll go and tell Mumie that you spoil our fun."

Tony was evidently disturbed. "Aw! please. I'll give you a piece of candy."

"All right! I'll play, but I wanna be boss and you have to do what I say."

"You can't be the boss. You don't know how and I am older than you are anyway. I'll be the boss and you do the work."

"I'll tell Mumie if I can't be the boss."

"Aw! You're always spoiling the fun. Go ahead and be the boss then. What shall I do?"

"Nicky and I will be in the house (the children had a fine large playhouse) and you do the sweeping and wash the dishes."

"Aw! I don't want to do that. Let me be a guard and I'll stand in front of the house and see that nobody gets in."

"Aw! You aint big enough to keep anybody out."

"Oh, yeah! I'll just bet you I am big enough. I'll shoot them if they come."

"You aint got a gun; and if you did, you couldn't shoot it."

"I have too got a gun," at which Tony pulled the pistol from his pocket, "and I can shoot it too."

"No, you can't."

"Yes, I can."

"You can't hit anybody with it."

"I'll bet I can hit you with it."

"No, you can't. I dare you to."

"Don't dare me." Tony drew a mark on the ground with his toe and said: "If you cross that mark I'll shoot you."

"You won't."

"I will."

"You're afraid to," and Di, inwardly trembling, assumed an air of bravado and stepped saucily over the line. Tony accepted the challenge, raised his pistol and fired. A shrill scream rent the air followed by a succession of sobs. Tony ran round the corner of the house and collided with his mother who had rushed out to see what was wrong. She grabbed Tony's arm and eyeing him sternly said, "What have you done?" Tony was too dumbfounded to speak and it was Di who broke the silence. "O, Mumie! Mumie!" she said, half choked with sobs, "Tony shot ink all over my new dress with his squirt gun."

Walter Tekippe '32

On Conceit

"You conceited thing!" Phew! If you think I wasn't startled and shaken by that thrust, ringing with venom and directness, you're a poor judge of human nature.

The occasion was a masquerade party. I was standing before a mirror "pulling myself together," brushing my hair and otherwise trying to make myself fairly presentable for luncheon, when this scorching exclamation shattered and exploded my line of aimless thoughts. I managed a weak laugh, meant to convey amusement and denial at a thing so absurdly impossible, and went placidly on with my preening.

Placid, indeed, about as calm as a madman or a raging volcano. "You conceited thing! Conceited! Conceited! Conceited!" This phrase, this glaring spiteful word, this rough soul-stirring shock caused me much thought. I mused upon it for a long time with a nervous feeling of fear. One question kept repeating itself in my mind over and over again. How can you be conceited when you have nothing to be conceited for?

But it is such persons that do become swell headed. Those who have accomplishments are not conceited unless they deny all praise due and maintain a modest exterior.

Why does any one fear to be called conceited? For the same reason that we all dislike having our faults pointed out to us, though it be done kindly and as a personal favor. It is an admission on our part that we have faults if we take this wellmeant advice. We hate to be called conceited because we are conceited.

Great is the man who will admit to himself that he is conceited. If we were to admit this, we would be modest. If we think we are modest and maintain a modest exterior, we are conceited. Modesty therefore is true conceit. Conceit in itself is not conceit. It is the modest person who is hypocritically flattering himself, that is conceited.

Thus the person who accuses another of conceited ways, with out further words declares himself to be modest, and is himself the faulty one.

The next time I am called, "Conceited" "You conceited thing!" or any title to that effect, my laugh will be, not weak, but natural and hearty; my amusement will be sincere. I shall not in any way deny the statement, but will graciously, pitingly thank the individual for the wonderful compliment.

—Harry Ryan '32

THE DREAM

June 20:

Had an extraordinary dream last night. A dream is a rather unusual occurance for me, as I am a naturally sound sleeper. In the dream I was walking along a beautiful avenue when I suddenly came upon a large building. It was a most unusual and beautiful building, with numerous spires, beautifully decorated, arched windows, and on the topmost spire a large cross. I entered the building and saw that it was even more wonderful inside. There came over me a feeling of an awesome presence within the building. After a short time I came out, feeling strangely elated. After the dream, I immediately woke up and, instead of restlessness, the dream produced a soothing calmness.

June 21:

Had the same dream last night. Very strange, indeed.

June 22:

The dream was repeated last night. This time, however, a beautiful young man seemed to be beckoning to me from a large platform at the front of the building. This young man had the most beautiful face I have ever seen, with kindly eyes; and he seemed to be surrounded by a brilliantly shining light. Instead of terrorizing me, the dream makes me feel that I am about to enter upon a strange new life.

July 7:

I have had the same dream every night, now, for two weeks. This must mean something. I have resolved today to see if there really is such a building as the one that appears in my dream.

July 10:

I have been searching for three days but, as yet, I have found nothing to remind me of my dream.

July 15:

At last! Today I have found it. This morning I was walking along a street which seemed strangely familiar, although I knew I had never been in that section of the city before. I quickened my pace as I recognized that it was the avenue of my dream. I soon came upon the large building, exactly as I had done many times before in the dream. I entered and, instead of the quiet interior of my dream. the place was filled with silent people, and at the front some solemn ceremony was taking place. I stayed after the services, as I now knew it was a church, and talked to the officiating clergyman. From him I learned that it was a Catholic Church into which I had been so strangely led. I told him of my experience and he immediately became interested. He told me to come to him every morning.

July 20:

I have been going to see the priest every morning, as he instructed me. He is preparing me for the Catholic religion. Also, my dreams have ceased.

July 20:

During the past year I have become a full-fledged Catholic. This is the greatest adventure of my life, for I have never before known God.

June 20:

Yesterday I was ordained. I am now working for Christ. My ordination took place on the tenth anniversary of my dream. My case proves: "Many are the ways of God."

I only hope that I can, in part, repay the unusual favors which have been conferred upon me.

—Loras Kenny '33

A Happy Combination

Just outside the bustling little city of Avondale, amidst fine lawns and large, well-kept gardens, stands an old stone mansion. The house is partly covered by vines, and nestles in a little grove of oaks, so that it is almost hidden from view.

In this secluded spot dwelt Henry Sears, the bachelor-author. He had graduated from an eastern university, had spent several years abroad, and then, about ten years before our story opens, had returned to Avondale to take charge of his estate. Since then he had lived here alone, except for an old servant, taking care of his gardens, and writing books in his spare time. The books he wrote were marvels of literary perfection and sold quite well, despite the fact that they all harped on the notion that the life of a bachelor is the ultimate of human happiness.

On this sunny April morning Henry was seated in a big easy chair, gazing wistfully out at the warm mellow landscape, when he noticed Billy Rogers coming jauntily up the walk. Billy was a daily caller at Henry's home, in fact, the only one. He had a happy combination of jolly good-humor, and strong common sense, so that he always left Henry in a better frame of mind and with a pleasanter outlook on life. Billy seemed more jovial than usual as he ran up the steps and vaulted over the low window-sill, landing directly in front of the startled Henry.

"Hello! Old boy. Why all the bandages?"

"I burned my hand," said Henry, "So I won't be able to write for a few days."

"Well, now, that's a hot one," and Billy screwed up his mouth in a smirking mock of sympathy.

"O! It's not as bad as all that," said Henry wryly. "I haven't done any writing for the last three weeks anyway. With the coming of this warm, sunny weather, I seem to have lost all my ambition. I can no longer collect my scattered thoughts and write them down in an orderly manner. I am still working on 'Dream Garden'. The picture of a man walking in a pleasant garden stands out as vividly as ever, but I can no longer picture him as being alone and enjoying himself. My hero wanders in and out among the beds of flowers, always looking for something that is no to be found."

Billy pondered a moment and then looked up. On his face was the expression of a man who has solved a great problem. Presently he began to grin, just a gentle grin at first, but it gradually broadened out into a hearty laugh and ended up in a roar of hilarity, as he jumped up, and slapped his bewildered friend on the back.

"What in the world are you laughing at?" snapped Henry.

"Oh! It's all so simple," answered Billy.

"What is so simple?"

"Your problem. Don't you see that your hero is merely a reflection of yourself? Consider your case. Your parents left you with a good education and enough money to live in ease. So you come here to live, fix up your home and your grounds to a king's taste and expect to live a life of perfect content. But there is one thing mission and that is a companion to share your joys and sorrows, an ever-present friend to appreciate and marvel at the wonderful things you are doing. In plain words it is high time that you should get married."

Henry was aghast, "Never! That's impossible. Think of all the books I have written about the perfect happiness of a bachelor's life. I would be the laughing stock of the public, and furthermore if I was married, I could never have the uninterrupted quiet which is absolutely necessary for an author."

"Oh, Pshaw! I'll wager that you would write much better if you were married. Your books aren't selling as well as they did at first. The public is becoming fed-up on your stories because they lack something which only comes to a man who lives a well-rounded life. You are becoming too narrow and cynical. Think it over and I'll be back to see you tomorrow," at which Billy picked up his hat and left.

In the days that followed Billy called as usual, but he never mentioned the subject of matrimony again, and whenever the conversation seemed to be leading up to it he was sure to change the subject. It was about a week later on a bright, cheery morning, as Henry was pondering all these things, that the postman handed him a pink, perfumed letter. He was about to toss it in the wastebasket when he noticed that it was postmarked—Avondale. Curious to know who would write from the nearby city, he tore the letter open and read it. The letter said, in effect, that the writer had read his books and, while she enjoyed their charming style and mechanical perfection, there seemed to be a lack of the dash that makes a novel really interesting. If Mr. Sears would be so kind as to drop in some evening she would enjoy discussing the matter with him; in conclusion, she expressed a hope that he would not be angry with her or consider her too forward. It was signed—Mary Britt.

Mary Britt was a girl who had been introduced to Sears by Billy; beyond that he scarcely knew anything about her, save that she was popular in Avondale society. It seemed rather strange to Henry that this young lady should write to him, and under normal circumstances he would have paid no attention to the letter; but his mind was so distraught over his inability to write that he was not able to think clearly. So it was that a little later when Billy came in and had read the letter, he was able by a series of well-timed remarks to convince Henry that he should accept the invitation.

Having made up his mind, Henry wasted no time in carrying out his plans. He called on Mary that same evening and enjoyed his visit immensely, in fact, he even forgot to mention the subject of his books; but as he drove home, he reflected that it was just as well, for it would be a good excuse for another call. He did call again a few days later and soon Mary's charm and graciousness of manner captivated him to such an extent that his visits became regular.

In July, the Avondale Daily news, in very formal language, announced the engagement of Miss Mary Britt and Mr. Henry Sears. The society editor considered it the scoop of a lifetime and made the most of it, glowingly playing up every detail. Miss Britt was the daughter of James Britt, President of the Midland Railroad Co., and Mr. Sears was Avondale's well-known author. It was rumored that the ceremony was to take place in September.

A few weeks later, Sol Johnson, the energetic book-reviewer of the Daily News, saw his golden opportunity, when Henry's new book, "Dream Garden", came off the press. "The style," he wrote, "is much the same as Mr. Sears' other books, but the plot, which ends in a happy marriage, is radically different." Then followed a lengthy discussion which, with all its dignity of expression and linguistic charm, disclosed nothing beyond the fact that Mr. Johnson himself was at a loss to explain the "radical difference."

The public, however, seemed to approve of the new story, for it met with instant favor, and before two weeks had passed, it topped the list of best-sellers all over the country.

On their wedding day Henry presented Mary with the first copy of the first edition, saying, "All the success of this work is due to your letter."

But Mary did not seem to understand. She raised her eyes and asked, "What letter?"

Henry was now, in turn, surprised. "Why, the letter you wrote to me."

"I never wrote you a letter."

"Well, now, that is strange." Henry had barely finished speaking when he heard a burst of merriment just behind him; turning quickly, he saw Billy Rogers dash out of the room, laughing for all he was worth.

—Walter Tekippe '32

A BROKEN PEN

How can a man in desperation
Write a theme by inspiration—
Especially, when in detestation,
He loses all his wisdom?

Not a cloud in all the sky
Will carry a message to my eye
And tell my pen to breathe a sigh
So it can write again.

The reason for all the fuss is this:
I threw my pen and made a miss;
It hit the floor, instead of sis,
And broke itself to pieces.

—Robert McMahon '32

Reflection

The stars shining down on the water
Reflect in the stillness of night,
This river, our nature's great fountain,
Is sparkling 'neath heaven's bright light.

The moon with his brushes has painted
The water, from his throne on high:
Golden hue it is tainted as
It babbles and rolls slowly by.

Nature is a mere reflection
Unto man of its beautys unfurled;
Through it we see the perfection
Of the Maker of this world.

—Oliver Runde '32

MY PLIGHT

I never liked this world;
Men are not such a joy.
I long to be a spirit child,
With blue sky as my toy.

I long to touch the stars
And meet the silver moon;
I would live miles away
And not return too soon.

I long to be a master
And play the poet's lyre;
But where is found the Muse's gift,
Love and zealous fire?

Ah, never was I favored
And never shall I sing.
For I must live like other men,
To earth I'm bound to cling.

And still at night I long for skies
(Black or cloudless blue);
I long to sing but I am mute.
Tell, what am I to do?

—James Supple '32

And The Lights Went Out

In a hotel building of our fair city, a barber tactfully started a conversation, lathered a customer from ear to ear, honed his razor and — the lights went out.

In the same building, adjoining the barber shop, was an exclusive and gaily lighted "Eat Shoppe." We see a waiter in the act of taking a dessert from a serving table, but his hand drops in a heap of whipped cream when — the lights went out.

The hotel writing room houses an elderly salesman, who, after a tiring day's work, has just finished his Daily Report when — the lights went out.

An inebriated and probably abbreviated citizen has just been discovered by one of the "arms of the law", but he must resort to his flashlight as — the lights go out.

The saddest interruption was probably at the hospital where the doctors were preparing for an emergency operation when — the lights went out.

Joyful cases? O, yes. But the most joyful was at a certain well known and loved Academy. It happened around seven forty-five, when the study hour was in full swing (Caterwauls, etc.) and the lights went out.

Another happy case was this: just as the writer was making this story presentable — the lights went out. (The latter was a very convenient and merciful darkness).

—Claude Norton '34.

FAREWELL MY LOVE

Farewell, my love! With all my heart,
I bid you now a fond farewell.
One last embrace and then we part,
While tears their story softly tell.
Your last sweet smile, your last embrace,
Will cheer me on my lonely way,
Till when at last by God's sweet grace
We'll meet again on Judgment Day.
O happy thought! O joy divine!
To share with you eternal rest.
Then arm in arm we'll cross the line
Into the land of Jesus blest.
Together we will walk the golden shore
And sing a song of joy for evermore.

—Walter Tekippe '32

A Campaign for Knick-Knacks

Joan always thought of her little half-bald Uncle Elmer as a big help. Sometimes the designation was heavy with contempt and sarcasm but more often it was by way of tribute for cheerfully rendered assistance.

Uncle Elmer was simply radiating with ideas which glowed and glittered with bright promise like rosy cheeked apples, but some few of them produced quite unexpected results. Even a very beautiful apple may have an extremely undesirable worm.

However, since Uncle Elmer's batting average in the matter of ideas was unusually high, his suggestions were certain of earnest consideration in the home presided over by the very engaging newlyweds, Darby and Joan.

"I say, Joan," remarked Uncle Elmer who dropped in casually after their return from their honeymoon, "this little love nest of yours is a miracle of good taste and simple luxury; but it isn't really modern. It lacks knick-knacks and bric-a-brac, not to mention what-nots, to bring it up to date."

Uncle Elmer's forehead simulated a glistening pink washboard as he thought deeply for a moment.

"Of course", he continued, after a pause, "you and Darby could go downtown and buy this, that, and the other thing to stick around the house; but to my notion you children are too conservative to be really successful knick-knack pickers." He frowned.

"I have it!" he exclaimed suddenly. "Bridge is the answer! You see", he went on to explain, "you and Darby are going to learn to play bridge. When you become perfect wizards, prizes will be drawn to you like iron filings to a magnet. You know, as well as I do, that bridge clubs and hostesses always go in for novelties and clever doo-dads by the way of bridge prizes; so there you are! Just pep up the place with bridge prizes. They'll give the place a spontaneous and original touch you couldn't achieve in a month of Sundays if you try to pick them out yourselves."

"Oh, Uncle, I think you're wonderful!" cried Joan, kissing him enthusiastically on the now placid expanse of brow. "I can hardly wait to tell Darby when he comes home from the office and explain it to him. Uncle, you're a genius."

"So glad you like my idea" acknowledged Uncle Elmer. "I must run along now, but you mark my words, by the time I get back from Bermuda your little home will be the despair and envy of your friends."

* * *

Several months later Uncle Elmer returned from Bermuda and hurried over to the newlyweds' home to learn the fruit of his brilliant inspiration. Joan met him at the door, and the look she gave him was reproachful.

"Come in, Uncle Elmer", she invited rather coldly. "But don't bring any more of your bright ideas."

Sensing that there was a fly in the ointment (or rather a worm in the apple), Uncle Elmer stepped in and looked around. The rooms were as chastely simple and unadorned as before. He seated himself on the davenport with a sigh.

"Well," he admitted, "it does look like another idea has gone wrong. Tell me all about it, Joan."

"Oh, Uncle", she said, almost tearfully, "you'll never know how hard Darby and I worked to learn that perfectly fiendish game. We listened to bridge programs on the air, we took private lessons from a teacher, and we followed this Culbertson-Lenz affair as if it were a matter of life or death. We read every article on bridge in all the magazines; I tell you, Uncle Elmer, we had bridge for breakfast, luncheon and dinner. All we had was bridge, bridge and more bridge."

"I know", said Uncle Elmer, understandingly. "But what I can't understand is how clever young people like Darby and you couldn't win a few prizes after all that work."

"'Win a few prizes!'", Joan almost snorted. "Indeed, I'll have you know that Darby and I won no less than forty seven prizes."

"But where are they all?"

"Come"; ordered Joan grimly, "follow me. I'll show you."

Uncle Elmer followed meekly as she led him to the storeroom; there, primly arranged in rows and wearing useless bows of pink and blue ribbon, squatted forty seven bottles of rainbow-hued bath salts.

"How," demanded Joan, "am I to decorate my home with forty seven bottles of bath salts?"

But Uncle Elmer couldn't answer that question.

—James Supple '32

EVENING OF LIFE

The robin calls
Of parting day;
A shadow falls;
Light slips away.

The ang'lus chimes
And peasants pray;
Their thoughts sublime
Bowed heads portray.

The sun sinks low
Beneath yon hill;
Its ruddy glow
Doth awe instil.

Shadows increase;
Night drops her shawl,
With calm and peace
Envelopes all.

Slowly, softly
With cautious tread
Calmly sure, does
Her mantle spread.

All quiet, calm,
Serene and still;
Afar is heard
A whip-poor-will.

So, thus, fall too
The shades of life,
Do peace renew
And end all strife.

So, thus, doth man
Find true happiness,
Quits this short span
For eternal bliss.

* * *

Death—thou wondrous thing
Take me when thou wilt
To me the sight of my Creator bring.
"Oh death, where is thy sting?"

—Lawrence Theisen '33

THE TOWN CLOCK

Aged king of stately towers,
Ever steadfast in thy mission;
Enumerator of the hours,
How I envy your precision!

Gazing down on countless people,
Why by thy staunch and sturdy base
Probe with searching eyes your steeple
To read the hour on your face.

At night, when all are wrapt in dreams
And the sandman gently beckons,
I lie for ages, as it seems,
And slowly count the anxious seconds.

The hour is nigh; I strain my ears,
And, as a sudden burst of song
O'erwhelms with awe the one who hears
The mighty hammer strike the gong.

—Delbert Ludwig '32

SHOPPING WITH WOMEN

If there is any activity in this world which I abhor, it is shopping with women. They are ever alert for bargains, always ready to argue with clerks, and never seem to tire. I cannot comprehend how they can nose around stores and other merchandise marts and never tire.

Nothing seems to embarrass me as much as when my mother holds garments up on me for size, while my friends walk by choking with laughter at the spectacle. An incident in which my ire was roused-beyond control happened two or three years ago. My mother escorted me to the ladies section of a local department store, and there draped a piece of wonmens fancy lingerie on me for size—as I had a cousin about my age at the time. The shock was so great, that when I fully recovered my senses I used violent language to demonstrate my feelings. Although this happened two or three years ago, the disciplining methods my mother took still stand out in my recollection.

I here voice my sympathy in behalf of the clerks, for theirs is a life of misery. To wait on most of these stampeding shoppers would try the patience of Job. The impatient surge and struggle about the counter, yelling for this and that article like a pack of wolves.

I believe that the ideal in football calesthenics would be to turn the team loose in a department store during a sale. Although I am a victim of exaggeration, I could safely say that there would be no football in that institution for the remainder of the season. From the experience that I have gained by shopping with women, I find that they enjoy being buffeted and scuffed about. That may be the ideal for football training, but it does not appear too wholesome to such a ping-pong enthusiast as I am.

As you have indirectly read my grievances, I think no man who has had experience with "these shoppers" will scoff or jere at my words.

—August Becker '32

Commonplace People

Bill Gibbs sat on Katie Hull's front porch sipping lemonade and talking about the heat. Two commonplace people in a commonplace town. Their lives were so mild and uneventful, and they had grown up in Pomono, Oklahoma, in a very uneventful way; now they were enjoying a romance which, strange to say, had no elements of the romantic in it.

"Ya know, Katie", said Bill, "I think I'll be a great journalist some day. Ya know what happened today?"

"I really can't imagine," yawned Katie.

"I got promoted!"

"Did you get a raise?" (Katie was truly feminine).

"Yeah. Ten dollars a month!"

"Ten dollars a month! What will you be doing with twenty dollars a week?"

"I dunno. Besides the job ain't really permanent. I'm substituting for all the others who go on vacations."

"Oh, Billie," giggled Katie, "Imagine you running a cook-book column!"

"Aw" lied Bill, "I won't have anything to do with ladies' jobs."

By this time they had said as much as they could in one evening, and there came the usual long silence. The weather was now delightful; there was a gentle breeze in the air, and there was a romantic moon shining. Bill wanted to propose, Katie wanted to accept; but their friendship had created a surprising barrier between them. Whenever Bill became romantic, Katie blushed and Bill felt like a perfect fool. So after a perfectly boresome half hour, Bill said a prosaic "Good-bye", and the evening turned out to be just another night.

Next morning Bill was waiting the call of the editor and when the editor's secretary (she also ran one of the presses) signalled our hero, he entered the room with as much poise as he could command.

"Here I am, Mr. Ford. What did you want to see me about?"

The editor of the Pomono Courier yawned, withdrew his feet from the desktop, unceremoniously brushed a sleeping cat off the society dummy, and, after swatting the flies that nestled in his beard, began to speak in his drawling way.

"Well, Bill, my boy, I changed my mind. You ain't got enough experience to substitute for everythin'. I'm goin' to give you a permanent assignment. Madam M. is quittin', and you can take her place."

"Madam M.!" exclaimed a horror-stricken Bill, "Why she writes the 'Advice to the Lovelorn!'"

"That'll be okay. Nobody will know except Madam M. and she'll keep it a secret. Besides a ten dollar a month raise is not to be sniffed at. What do ya say?"

"All right," gulped poor Bill. "Ten bucks a month raise means a lot. But by the way, who is Madam M.?"

"Well, Bill, I'd tell you only it is like doctors say, its unethical."

Soon Bill was enmeshed in the fun of the task. He felt big, giving advice to all the love-stricken belles of Pomono. However, he kept it secret from Katie. She'd laugh at him.

"Here, Bill, are the love letters from the morning mail" yawned Mr. Ford.

"Thanks, Boss" said Bill, scanning the envelopes. Suddenly he turned pale. He could recognize that handwriting anywhere. A letter from Katie.

"Dear Madam M.: (read the letter)

I have watched your column with interest. It is wonderful. I need your help. I have been going with a young man for fifteen years. Our romance started in sixth grade and is still going. I love him and he loves me but he is bashful and so am I. He never proposes and I don't know how to hint. Please advise.

Miss H."

Next day the following answer was published in the column:

"I have a letter here from a young lady who says she is bashful and that her boy friend is too. My, My, what a predicament! However, I have a surefire answer, my dear. Some night say: 'Isn't that a beautiful summer's moon? It makes me think of marriage' and results will follow almost immediately.

Madam M."

Bill came whistling down the street to Katie's house. When Bill was nervous, he whistled. His heart thumped savagely when he climbed the steps.

"Hello, Billie, dear" cooed Katie.

Bill waited for over an hour for the hint and finally it came. Katie sat down on the bannister; she gazed at the moon, rolled her eyes properly, then looked at his a la Nancy Carroll.

Isn't that a beautiful moon? It makes one feel like getting married."

"Will you marry me?" blurted a desperate Bill.

"Why, Billie," said Katie demurely, "This is so sudden."

The wedding was formally announced, but Bill did not welcome the approach of the eventful day; his conscience hurt him. Finally he mustered up enough courage to tell her of the trick.

"Katie, dear," said Bill, apologetically "I gotta tell you something. I was Madam M. in the Courier."

"Oh, that's all right," giggled Katie. "Before you got the job, I had it."

—James Supple '32

BABY

Two years old he soon shall be;
His broken blocks tell that.
Now, untold, our boy can see
The pocketbook's near flat.
?rB–jLs- drltellsbm,pletaoinETAOIN

Once he stands with palm out-thrust
And longs to reach the skies,
Then he takes it allbut ernst
And calmly asks: "Where pies?"

Next, with curled lips he stands
To figure out my name,
Until at last a sudden thought
Comes to his little frame.

Fresh delight sweeps over him,
As if I were a prize;
"Who ish dat?" with face so grim
He questions in surmise.

All in all we miss him much
Whenever he is gone;
But baby, too, must keep in touch
With what is going on.

—Robert McMahon '32

Creating A New Mode

"Remember, I cut your hair the night you gave your famous speech at the Kiwanis Club in Oklahoma City. I cut your hair the night you made your inaugural address, and I cut your hair the night we struck oil, and I cut——"

"Yes, yes, Hattie! I know you cut my hair and all of that—but times are different—now—and besides we have a barber!"

"Oh hang the barber!"

Senator Hiram Strueber could not stand this outburst of truth much longer—for he was instant in his decisions. But, despite the fact that he was wrong, the self-educated Senator just couldn't understand why his wife had to interrupt at such an inopportune moment when the barber had found time to cut his hair.

"If you will, Mam," (Mr. Moots too was impatient), "I will continue cutting Senator Streuber's hair—that is—if—if that is all right, Mam", he found himself timidly suggesting.

But Mrs. Strueber had nothing to say just then. Her thoughts bore her far away from her suite in Hotel Mayflower. Everything in the interesting city of Washington was fading from before her eyes. The things she saw were not objects of political society—they were the things she and Hiram had gone through together. They seemed to center about Oklahoma City. Presently, she returned from her day dreaming and found herself again in the room with her husband and Mooty. "Mooty" was the conventional name familarly given to the barber by everyone.

"Isn't it odd, Hiram, that today you are, perhaps, the most idolized political man in Washington—while six years ago last week we were down and out—I figured it out last night when I couldn't go to sleep! Isn't it—"

"Stop, Hattie!" inserted Hiram rather harshly. "Won't you ever leave our confounded past alone? What if we were penniless—are we to blame because we struck oil over night?"

"No—no, not that—I mean we're not entitled to our popularity. Everyone knows us. Your name almost always makes the front page—merely because you're a Senator from Oklahoma—and rich. We're not at home here—we don't belong here—we're not educated!". She was becoming hysterical, but continued, "The American people actually adore you, Hiram, because you're from the common stock—and odd."

But Hiram did not give up. He kept persuing, "But Hattie, stop this foolishnes—once and for all. Here it is nearly time for the banquet and you're fretting over my success!"

"I'm not condemning your success, Hiram; only it makes me sad to find the public so blind. And they're holding a banquet for you this evening—probably going to give you more honors, I suppose."

"Probably."

Just then Mrs. Strueber began to reflect that the Senator's hair was still untouched.

"Well", she resumed hastily but cautiously, "this isn't cutting your hair."

Without a word, Hiram stepped into the chair and relaxed for the operation. His wife grasped the clippers and waited. Finally the husband nodded his assent.

Hattie wielded a rapid clipper because there was need for time economy. In her hurry, she caused a niche in the left side burn; Mr. Streuber was ignorant of her actions. With vain attempts to correct the error she flew from side to side. One sideburn was higher in elevation that the other! She just couldn't seem to get them in perfect symmetry. Soon, much to Hattie's dismay, the sideburns had disappeared. In fact she had cut them even beyond the German Limit—which is quite extreme.

As the Senator dropped his copy of **Life**—(he was a literary senator)—he glanced into the mirror and gasped. The glance evolved into a prolonged stare, and the gasp into a loud shriek.

"My God, Hattie!" Look what you've done. I look like a bald eagle. Here I am with a banquet on my hands, and you raise havoc with my hair! What will I do?"

Hattie burst into tears as she always did under the slightest provocation.

"Oh Hiram! Did you see what I did?"

"What do you think I'm talking about—Manchuria?"

"You beast!"

"Now Hattie—don't—"

"Hush up, I say! Here I am working myself to the bone for you and you have the nerve to talk to me like that."

"What's wrong with that—I often spoke worse."

"That's just the trouble. You're like all the other men. As for your old banquet, it can go to grass," stormed the irritated Hattie as she dramatically left the room.

Hiram paced back and forth in front of the mirror—his was a predicament. He hadn't time to get a toupee. If he went, he had to go as he was. After he had dressed he knocked at Hattie's door. She was fully gowned as he had expected—(he knew his Hattie well).

"Hiram, if you only saw how you look! Really, you'd make a good clown in Barnum and Bailey", she humorously teased.

"Don't make me feel worse—I'm bad enough as it is. Come, we'll go down now—but don't mention that cursed haircut again."

The baquet room was filled with gay people. The Senator and his wife, the guests of honor, entered amid an outburst of applause from everyone.

The Senator thought they were also tittering at his hair cut, but even Senators might be wrong, for, several weeks later a new mode had taken America by storm. The Strueber Hair Cut was a National institution.

—Richard Sweeney '32

Trousers

Trousers are worn all day;
In them you put your pay
And store dear, precious things
Like matches and key-rings.

Some are baggy and worn;
Others are patched and torn.
Some are new and bright;
Others shine like light.

If trousers were old
Or new or torn,
I am sure they would
Always be worn.

—William Ellwanger '33

MINOR LEAGUE RESULTS

The errors of 1C assured a victory for 1A in a poorly played game. Trebon of 1C and D. Smith of 1A hit homers.

In a close game, featured by the play of Moran of 1A and Knockel of 2A, the latter won by a score of 6 to 3.

Kinney kept 1A in check by striking out 16 men, and 2B won 3 to 0.

2B made merry at the expense of 2A, winning 13 to 2. Lange of 2B turned in a perfect game at first.

1B turned defeat into victory by winning a close game 6 to 7. Ryan of 1B helped to turn the tide by getting on base every time he batted.

1C whitewashed the league leaders, 2B, on a rainy forenoon, winning 2 to 0.

1A found the offerings of Tschudi to their liking and won 10 to 5. Moran pitched winning ball.

No pitcher could have quelled the hitting in the 19th game of the Minor League. The final score stood 11 to 6 in favor of 2A against 1C.

2C won a poorly played game by the score of 11 to 5, walloping out 16 hits while 1B got half as many.

—STANDINGS—

(At end of twentieth game)

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
2B	6	1	0	.854
2C	5	1	1	.785
2A	4	2	1	.642
1B	2	4	0	.333
1A	2	5	0	.285
1C	1	6	0	.143

THE LUMBER-JACK

To-day in an age in which we are constantly substituting new material for old, we would off hand say that the lumber-jack contributes to the nation a product which is no longer needed. But after a moment's consideration we would realize that although lumber isn't used as much as it was some years ago, nearly everything manufactured or constructed to-day contains wood. Thus we see that the lumber-jack is the first cog in the machine of industry to-day.

The lumber-jack is depicted by many as a semibarbarian, and they feel sorry for him. They think the lumber-jack is dissatisfied and miserable. Because his work is hard, many think that he hates it and does his work morosely. But in fact, if we really know the lumber jack, we would readily see that he is not dissatisfied with himself or with his work. He is doing the sort of work he likes to do; he is out in the open in winter inhaling the fresh crisp air, which makes and keeps him healthy. He has great physical strength and is proud of it, for in his land strength is admired. He must be strong to endure in his work, for it is hard and very dangerous. He is considered ignorant, and he may not be educated in books; nevertheless he understands human life better than many do. He has not a fortune; but he is happy, for he realizes that money can't buy happiness. This is something that the more educated too often forget and are made miserable striving for money.

Although the lumber-jack isn't a reader of literature, he learns to appreciate the forest; he can not write or express his feelings, but they are in him and he enjoys them. Many of us do not realize how interesting a forest is, and the most interesting thing in it is a falling tree. The lumber-jack has seen hundreds of them fall, but everytime he unconsciously turns and watches a new victim fall to the ground; he stares at it a few seconds and then goes on with his work. Those who have never seen a falling tree cannot realize the sensation it gives. It is especially interesting if the tree is large; the tree suddenly appears to have lost balance and to come floating to the ground. But in reality it falls with great speed; it hits the earth with a crash that makes one shudder, and as it strikes the ground the branches on the bottom break or bend under this great weight, and the tree seems to sink into the earth. We look toward the place where the tree once stood, and it seems as though a curtain that was shielding our eyes from view has been suddenly dropped and we see into the background.

The life of the lumber-jack is dangerous, but he meets these dangers and is hardened to them. The life of a "high-climber" is especially dangerous. The high climber must have the skill of an acrobat and the nerve, or mental strength of a stunt flyer. He ascends trees averaging one hundred and fifty feet high and works while he is up there. His work is the hardest on a Douglas fir tree. This tree has a long trunk and it hasn't any branches excepting near the top. The high climber has to cut the top off while the tree is still standing, and every move he makes is dangerous. He often times rescues himself in unbelievable ways. But the lumber jack doesn't think about these dangers, because his theory is if you are thinking about danger you are certain to find it.

—Oliver Runde '32

Scrimmage System Proves Successful

Rapid advancement has been made in spring football and now the thirty five candidates that yet remain from the initial squad of about fifty are putting into practice the fundamentals they have learned during the past four weeks in the scrimmages held nightly.

This year a new system for scrimmage was inaugurated by Coach Cretzmeyer. Instead of picking first and second teams for scrimmage, Coach Cretzmeyer had the Co-captains Jean Schneider and Bob Lawson pick teams and these teams meet every evening in scrimmage.

This new system is a big improvement on the other, because with such eveness every man must show his value and not rely on the merits of the better team.

So far neither team has showed any marked superiority, and as a consequence the scrimmages become better nightly. The close of spring football will probably be this week with a battle royal between these teams.

Reflection of a Tree in the Water at Dawn

O tree of staunch and stalwart strength,
With arms outspread toward distant sky,
Calm waters magnify your length,
While with the wind you softly sigh.

With rain and wind your shadow blurs
And ripples mar your etche'd face;
As though your face was jagged swerves
And left of it but not a trace.

Your leafy hair of jasper green
Is shaded, yet a darker hue;
The early sun, a golden queen,
Is regent in a sky of blue.

Apollo filters through your branches
And silhouettes your graceful form;
Like crystal diamond, she enhances
The sparkling dew of early morn.

—Delbert Ludwig '32

MAJOR LEAGUE RESULTS

4A, scoring at will, decisively licked 3A 11 to 4. Twelve men batted for 4A in the second inning.

3A won their first victory of the year, beating 3C 5 to 3 in a close, well played game.

4B continued their victory march beating 4A by the narrow margin of 2 to 1.

In an exciting game 3A and 3B were tied 3 to 3 as the bell rang. L. Kenny, 3B captain, hit a home run, for the would-be winning run but unluckily the run didn't count because 3B didn't get their last bats.

Hitting the ball hard, 4C easily beat 3C by the one-sided score of 13 to 3. Ray Crubel got 3 hits including a home run.

With both teams scoring all their runs in the first inning, 4B beat 3C in an unusual game 5 to 1.

Scoring in every inning, 4C beat 3A in an easily won game 12 to 2. Nicks held 3A to four hits.

3C continued their losing streak and were decisively beaten by 4A. The score was 13 to 4.

The powerful 4C team only obtained 4 hits but conquered 3B by the score of 4 to 2.

Babies

"Aw gee, mom, do I really have to take care of it?"

"Now, son, if Father McDonald heard you referring to feminine gender by means of the neuter, I'll bet you would remain from 3:40 to 4:30 and besides I won't be gone but an hour."

With that, Jack's mother rushed out the door, leaving him to care for the midget wrecking crew.

Deciding to make the best of his seemingly endless hour, he lay on his chest with the intention of giving his 15 months old sister a horseback ride. With great difficulty she struggled upon his back and grasping his hair, pulled it so severely that his eyes watered. After much persuasion she let go of her grip.

"I'll fix you, you little brat," and seizing her he tossed her into the buggy.

Taking a bottle he heated some milk, determined to put her to sleep. Giving it to her he sat down to watch the results. Suddenly a white object went sailing out from the vehicle. Crash! It was the bottle.

As sudden as the bottle had come, a curly haired, twinkling, blue eyed blonde appeared over the top, her eyes seeming to laugh in scorn at disgusted Jack.

—Dean Smith '35

Tennis Tournament In Quarter Finals

With all but two matches of the third round completed when the Cee-Ay went to press, competition for the tennis championship of Columbia Academy is narrowed down to the defending title holder, Francis O'-Connor of Dubuque, and nine other men.

In the quarter finals the defender, a Third Academic meets the winner of the match between his classmate John Sprengelmeyer and James McDonald, senior, while the lone freshman remaining, Charlie De Barr of Madison, Wis., takes on the victor of the Earl Vogel-Harold Pinger all-senior match.

The remaining sophomore, Charles Tschudi, is pitted against another senior, John Kerper, and John Becker, third academic, meets Watkins Cantillon, senior.

THIRD ROUND SO FAR

John Kerper eliminated Llewellyn Cox; Charles Tschudi put out Leo Stephan; Charles De Barr overthrew Eugene Groff; Melvin Graf defaulted to Watkins Cantillon; and Francis O'Connor beat Robert Dumphy.

SECOND ROUND

John Kerper beat John Coros; Llewellyn Cox defeated Robert Deggendorf; Charles Tschudi downed Thomas Seymour; Leo Stephan outsmarted John Farrell; Jerome Ungs overcame Earl Vogel; Charles De Barr vanquished Joseph Link; Eugene Groff defeated Ted Tracy; John Becker trounced Andrew Balk; William Moran beat Ray Crubel; Edward Grote triumphed over John Jordan; Watt Cantillon downed Lawrence O'Connor; James McDonald eliminated Oliver Runde; Robert Dumphy vanquished Kenneth Schmidt; Francis O'Connor beat Dan Tierney; Harold Pinger downed Thomas Mullally.

FIRST ROUND RESULTS

In the first round of the tennis tournament Robert Freund beat John Coras; Robert Deggendorf eliminated Carl Weitz; Llewellyn Cox trounced Leo Cleary; Thomas Seymour put out Alphonse Reno; Charles Tschudi downed Howard Lynch; Leo Stephan bested Gerard Finley; Earl Vogel overcame William Baxter; Harold Pinger over reached Clair Baxter; Charles De Barr upset Harry Ryan; Joseph Link outsmarted Harry McLean; Eugene Groff beat Edward Doherty; Theodore Tracy won from Albert Maley; John Becker vanquished Henry Schloemer; Andrew Balk eliminated Charles Kelly; William Moran upset Robert Czizek; John Jordan beat John Fahey; Edward Grate downed Patrick Delaney; Lawrence Weldon won from Robert McVay; John Sprenglemeyer trounced Leonard Meyer; Charles O'Connor took John Meyer; Olive Runde worsted Robert Spahn; James McDonald beat Conon Conlon; Kenneth Schmidt vanquished Herbert Boland; Robert Dumphy conquered Ralph Grabow, and Daniel Tierney upset Clint Kelly.

"Yes, Robert, 'amo' is the Latin word meaning 'I love'. Now what word suggests its opposite?"

"Reno".

Dress Parade

Bernard Arensdorf — "Bernie" — One of the silent, strong Teutons who are the pride of the "Old Lady..' For recreation he delights in the groans of Herbie Kelzer.

Quintin Conlon—"Connie"—He is a glorified movie fan with a passion for the Bennet sisters. Not a bad student when he isn't reading the movie magazines.

John Zwack—"Jackie"—For four years he has been the comedy relief of the study halls. He, along with another famous Columbian have put Sacred Heart Parish on the map.

Vincent Vosberg, "Vinnie". One of these noble Sinsinawa boys although he isn't a boxer. He doesn't let his size keep him out of anything and he is up and coming at all times.

Eugene Groff, "Curly". His curly locks, which tumble so profusedly, are one of Dubuque's big attractions. In spite of this, he's a nice fellow.

Over two empty places in the ranks hover the spirits of **Clarence O'Dowd** and **George Gloeckner,** forced by illness to postpone their march for a year.

And so the Seniors of 1932 have paraded in full dress for the last time before the students of Columbia. As they wend their slow way down the long road to eternity, may the fitful breezes waft ever to the ears of us who watch and wait here, the clash of manly arms and the clarion cry of battle waged for country and for God.

SEVENTY PROSPECTIVE GRADUATES IN CLASS

(Continued from page 1)

Rapids; Richard Sweeney, Hinton; and Walter Tekippe, Ft. Atkinson.

From Badger State

Those who hail from Wisconsin number ten: Hubert and Raymond Crubel, Bloomington; Carl Effinger, Baraboo; Gerard Finley, Seneca; Francis Kelly, Boscobel; Joseph Lacke, Cuba City; James McDonald, Madison; Peter Propson, Kenosha; Oliver Runde, and Vincent Vosberg, Sinsinawa.

The Chicago members of the graduating class are: John Boquist, Thomas Mullaly, Charles O'Connor, Mark Sanders, James Supple and Lawrence Weldon.

Other candidates are: John Jordan, Bloomington, Ill., Robert McCabe, Canton, Minn., and Andrew Pohl, Bruno, Neb.

Nineteen Academics Confirmed

Pentecost had a special significance for the Academy boys this year because nineteen of their members received the Sacrament of Confirmation on that day at St. Raphael's Cathedral at 10:30 a. m.

In preparation of this great feast the students made a novena. The purpose of this novena was twofold; first, that the nineteen students might be worthy to receive the sacrament of Confirmation and secondly that the Gifts of the Holy Ghost might be revived in those who are already confirmed.

Wife: "What do you mean by coming home at this hour?"

Husband: "I didn't mean to come home at this hour, but the darn place was raided."

Band Prepares For Concert At Good Shepherd Sisters

After emerging from an arduous though successful Music Week program, the Academy Band is preparing for a concert to be staged on the grounds of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd on May 19.

The band will likewise furnish music at a card party which is to be held under the auspices of the Mothers' Club on May 21.

Columbia's aggregation of band musicians won first place laurels in the Parochial Band Contest held on Saturday afternoon, April 30, and participated in the School Band Festival Saturday night. On Tuesday of the following week the Band paraded throughout the downtown section of Dubuque and on Friday evening, May 6, played in the Parochial Music Program.

Impressive May Devotions Conducted At Academy

May Devotions are very attractive at the Academy this year. Each evening before night prayers the Altar of Our Blessed Mother, beautifully decorated with flowers and glittering with candles, is the center of attraction. The Devotions are opened with a verse of a hymn sung by the students. One of the Fathers then gives a three to five minute talk on some title or prerogative of Our Lady. After this talk three Hail Marys are said. The devotions are closed with another hymn.

Father Ferring is giving the sermons for the first two weeks.

The Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen are each assigned one week for furnishing flowers for the Blessed Virgin's altar.

Exams, Commencement Mark End Of School

Examinations next week and the Baccalaureate Sermon on May 29 will serve as an introduction to the Commencement Exercises, which will officially close the school year on June 1.

Two recognized authorities from the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., will be present for Commencement. Dr. Fulton Sheen, widely known from his association with the radio broadcast of the Catholic Hour, will deliver the Baccalaureate Sermon on May 29. On June 1 the Commencement Address will be given by Monsignor Hugh Ryan, rector of the Catholic University.

Examinations will start on Thursday, May 26, and will close on Tuesday, May 31.

Science Classes Enjoy Two Educational Films

Through the courtesy of General Electric Company, the Science, Commercial Geography, and Physics students witnessed the presentation of two educational films titled "Wizardry of Wireless" and "Woolen Yarn."

"Wizardry of Wireless" depicts the history of communication beginning with smoke signals and other primitive methods and ending with our modern methods, the radio. "Woolen Yarn" demonstrates the successive steps in the wool industry from sheep sheering to the manufacture of cloth.

Seven Academy Grads Attain To Priesthood

Seven graduates of Columbia Academy will be ordained priests this year, five for the Archdiocese of Dubuque, one for Davenport, and the other for the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, at Maryknoll.

The four who will be ordained at Dubuque next Saturday are Herman Dietz, of Dubuque, now at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.; Arthur Halbach, of Stacyville, from Sulpician Seminary, Washington, D. C.; Joseph Syrovy of Cedar Rapids, and Francis Wolfe of Anamosa, from St. Paul Seminary, St. Paul, Minn.

James Donohue of Chicago will be ordained at Louvain, Belgium, where he is completing his theology course.

Edward Keating of Chicago attended Kenrick Seminary at St. Louis, but will be ordained in Lavenport.

Reginald Markham of Seward, Illinois, ordained at Maryknoll for the missions, has already been designated for Korea, for which he will embark next fall.

All of these are graduates of 1924, except Mr. Halbach, who finished in 1919.

RYAN WINS FIRST PLACE IN ELOCUTION

(Continued from page 1)

ard Sweeney of Hinton, Iowa, and two Dubuque students, John Becker and William Poinsett, won much praise for the excellency of their interpretation. Becker gave a Humorous selection, "She Hath Done What She Could", and Poinsett, a Dramatic one, "Shamus O'Brien"; Sweeny delivered Marc Antony's funeral oration from "Julius Caesar." Sweeney and Poinsett are Fourth Academics; Becker is a Junior.

Mr. Dale Welch, formerly affiliated with the School of Speech at the University of Dubuque acted as critic judge. He won the favor of the audience by his constructive criticism as he explained the four points on which he based his judgement: grasp of the authors thought, communication to the audience of this thought, the speaker's handling of his voice, and his carriage and gesture.

The Columbia Orchestra, under the direction of Prof. Edward Schroeder, played during the Intermissions.

Glee Club Participates In Local Music Week Programs

As a contribution to the Annual Music Week program, the Columbia Academy Glee club sang several numbers in the Parochial school program held in the College gymnasium Friday evening, May 6. With Jack Kerper as soloist the triple quartet gave very fine interpretations of Palestrina's "Adoramus Te" and MacDowell's "Mighty Lak a Rose."

The sickness of the tenor soloist prevented the entrance of the triple quartet in the Glee Club Contest held at Clarke College on Saturday, May 7th. However the group sang, under the direction of Father Kelly, the two numbers "Adoramus Te" and "Swing Low Sweet Chariot."

Kodak Club Holds Annual Spring Outing At State Park

The Kodak Club held its annual spring outing at Anamosa State Park Saturday, May 7.

The Kodakers made a short visit to the State Reformatory and were shown all the shops and factories within the prison. The they returned to the State Park, which is just outside Anamosa, where they were served an enjoyable lunch. After lunch the members were free to do whatever they desired. Many of the club members took pictures, played baseball and went in swimming.

Because of the lack of time, the new officers for the Kodak club have not been elected. The elections are planned to be held in the near future.

ALUMNI NOTES

Willard Dugan '18 appears on the Democratic ticket in the primary election for State Representative from Iowa.

Thomas Cerney '23 of Dubuque is employed at Griner-Jones Clothiers.

EXCHANGES

The Mason City Blue J carries the news that the amateur team from St. Joseph School won first place in the sectional typing contest held April 23, thus making it eligible for the state contest.

According to **The Campionette** (Campion Academy, Prairie du Chien, Wis.), the Masquers have again chosen a comedy, "Give and Take", as their commencement drama.

The Dubuque High School News relates that Thirteen Senior High school students have been admitted to membership in the Quill and Scroll, the honorary society for high school journalists.

The De Sales Spotlight (De Sales High school, Ossian, Ia.), focuses our attention on the fact that the De Sales High School Orchestra played a series of six numbers over Station WMT, the Voice of Iowa, Waterloo.

WASTEBASKET

We nominate for the Hall of Infancy:

Loras (Muddy) Watters because he likes Francis Kirk.

Francis Kirk because he tolerates Muddy Watters.

Signs of Depression:

Dan (Don Juan) Fogarty's haircut.

"Buster Brown" Doherty's Easter outfit which is really a magnified version of Dean Smith's.

Czizek: "How do you like my moustache?"

E. Kelly: "Is that what it is? I thought that you ate Mickie Mouse and forgot to swallow the tail."

Poinsett: "Jim's getting to be a chronic smoker."

F. Becker: "Oh, it's all right if he don't make a habit of it."

F. O'Conner: Boy, it's raining cats and dogs outside.

Bolk: Cats and dogs?

O'Connor: Yeah, I just stepped in a poodle.